

## STOWE

Dr. H. H. Fullerton of Waterbury was at his office here Thursday.

The Juniors went Thursday to Lake Eden for their class picnic.

Roderic Riley of East Hardwick was here to attend the senior ball.

Mrs. L. C. Moody of Montpelier has been a guest at C. E. Burt's recently.

The St. we high school seniors went last week Thursday to Sabin pond in Woodbury for their class picnic.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Garrow of Jericho are visiting their daughter, Mrs. C. A. Tomlinson, and family.

S. M. Hubbell returned Thursday to Iacona, N. H., after visiting his daughter, Mrs. A. E. Doane, and family in Stowe Hollow.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Walker are parents of a daughter born Tuesday the 7th at the home of Mrs. Walker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Smith.

Mrs. E. W. Tinkham, who returned Tuesday from Keene, N. H., was accompanied by Mr. Tinkham, who will remain with his family a few days.

Among those here to attend the Stowe high school graduation exercises were the Rev. Jackson Cole and E. W. MacGibbon of Enosburg Falls, F. M. Pike of Cleveland, O., Orio K. Jenney of the University of Vermont, the Rev. Knapp of Montpelier.

Miss Edith Derby, teacher in the Stowe graded school, has finished her work here and has gone to the home of her sister in Saranac Lake, N. Y. Miss Derby has been a teacher here for three years and has made many friends here. She will accept a more lucrative position for another year.

Mrs. C. S. Hackett, whose body was brought here for burial from Essex Junction June 6th was formerly Mrs. Marshall Kimball of Stowe. She leaves a daughter, Mrs. A. J. Kimball, at whose home she died; a grandson, W. R. Kimball of Saranac Lake, N. Y., and a great-grandson, Charles R. Kimball. She was 74 years of age and is remembered here by some of the older residents.

## Stowe High School

A class of 15 was graduated from Stowe high school Tuesday evening, June 7th. The graduating exercises were held at the Akley Memorial building with the following program: Processional, Paul Bergeron; invocation, the Rev. C. E. Hayward; salutatory and essay, Catherine Harris; song, Donald Douglass; address, State Commissioner of Education C. E. Dempsey; music, Mr. Bergeron; valedictory and essay, Dorothy Barrows; presentation of diplomas, Frank E. Stafford; benediction, the Rev. C. E. Hayward; recessional, Mr. Bergeron. The U. V. M. scholarships were awarded to Robert Cleveland and Dorothy Barrows. Dorothy Shepard acted as class marshal. The names of the class follow: Mary Bailey, Alice Barrows, Dorothy Barrows, Alice Boozan, vice-president, Sadie Carey, Gertrude Clark, secretary and treasurer, Robert Cleveland, president, Floy Collins, Donald Douglass, Catherine Harris, Gordon Oakes, Hazel Oakes; Beatrice Pike, Dorothy Shepard and Mabel Sleeper. The hall was tastefully decorated. There was a large attendance. Class day exercises were carried out at the auditorium Tuesday afternoon, June 7th, as follows: Processional; president's address, Robert Cleveland; address to undergraduates, Donald Douglass; response, Martha Gale; 22, class poem, Dorothy Shepard; duet, Floy Collins and Mabel Sleeper; class history, Catherine Harris; class prophecy, Beatrice Pike; music; class will and presentation, Mary Bailey; class song; recessional.

The annual reception to the senior class was given Monday evening, June 6th, at the auditorium by the junior class and was carried out successfully. Prin. C. J. Strand and the class members made up the receiving line and also Martha Gale, president of the class of '22, who had charge of the exercise and who presided in a pleasing way. Delightful music was furnished by Walker's orchestra of five pieces of Burlington. Douglass Barrows of the University of Vermont, '24, and Stowe high school, '20, playing saxophone. The evening program included several selections by the orchestra, a fairy dance by seven little girls with Ramona Gale as the fairy queen, a solo by Beatrice Kaiser, accompanied by Arlie Wright, a piano duet by Miss Johnson and Miss Mildred McMahon, violin solo by Mr. Walker, a reading by Miss Southard and remarks by Robert Cleveland, senior class president, Prin. C. J. Strand, school directors, F. E. Stafford and C. L. McMahon. The evening closed with dancing with music by the orchestra.

**ALBANY BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
EMPLOYMENT  
THE CAPITAL CITY CIVIL SERVICE SCHOOL  
ALBANY, N. Y.

## Blind Men's Buff

By KETURAH VAN TYLE

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"Scats, please."

Mechanically the little usher held her hand for the performance of her duty, which happened to be the safe piloting of its patrons down the aisles of the dimly lighted concert hall. Night after night she parroted the same request, and night after night the bits of pasteboard were entrusted to her keeping, while the owners followed her flashlight until they were safely located.

Nothing unusual ever happened to Elise. Jenny Sykes, the girl on aisle four, had once received a box of candy, and Mabel Mertz had been asked out to lunch, but Elise had moved along with no exciting experiences whatever to her credit. However, she was happy and contented, for wasn't she adding every week to the little hoard which was to pay for making her a great singer? And wasn't she hearing the very best music, which she could not afford to hear in any other way?

Imagine then her sensation when the young man whom she addressed not only placed his seat coupon in her upturned palm but his own hand as well. Her first emotion was one of thorough indignation, but that gave way almost at once to surprise as she thought she saw him sway a bit, catching at the back of a seat, and the next instant came remorseful pity.

"Why, the poor chap must be blind!" she told herself. Whispering to him, without further hesitation, "Don't be afraid—I'll guide you," she clasped firmly the hand which lay in hers and led him to his seat.

The next night he stopped inside the dark hall to speak cheerily to her. When it was time Elise again took his hand without waiting for further suggestion and led him to his seat. For weeks he came, hearing the same programs over and over until Elise decided he must be a student like herself. She always waited to lead him to his seat, and each time he thanked her gravely for it.

He often came early enough for a whispered chat, and during one of these obtained her name and address, under pretext of wanting to send her some helpful musical reviews. Ordinarily Elise would have questioned the propriety of allowing a strange man to send her even so small a gift as well-thumbed reference books, but there was something about the blind man's boyish frankness which disarmed his motives of the ulterior completely. When the package came it contained a note which read:

"My dear Miss Winthrop: Being interested in people who have an ambition to climb, especially along your particular line, I'm going to beg permission to hear you sing. As you've probably guessed, I, too, am musical and think we may prove mutually helpful. Sincerely,

"GREGORY BALDWIN."

That night when the little usher led Gregory Baldwin to his seat she whispered to him: "There's no concert Saturday night, so mother says I may ask you to call"; and when Saturday evening came Elise found herself strangely aflutter with expectation. She was watching at the window when an automobile stopped in front of the building from which Gregory Baldwin alighted unassisted, the chauffeur driving away without seeing his master to the door.

"Well, of all the careless beings, that chauffeur's the worst!" exclaimed Elise, rushing down to the first floor to let her caller in. He wore dark glasses and carried a cane; outside of these two features no one would have suspected he was sightless.

And then Elise sang to him—sang sweetly and unaffectedly, pouring out her heart in the wonderful language of some of the old world masters and her clear, girlish soprano thrilled the listener through and through.

"I wonder if you realize what a really beautiful voice you have?" he asked as he was leaving. "Won't you come over in the park tomorrow afternoon? There are so many things I'd like to say to you—about your work."

After Elise had promised to go she had a queer little feeling of being a rubber ball tossed about in the hands of fate, but she was at the meeting place the next afternoon ahead of the appointed time. She wondered as she waited what had made Gregory Baldwin blind; whether or not he had any hope of ever seeing again; whether—

"So you're here ahead of me?" called a cheerful masculine voice at her elbow, interrupting her reverie, and looking up she saw her friend smiling down at her through his dark glasses as though he owned the keenest pair of eyes in the world.

"How could you tell I was here?" she asked in surprise.

"Well," he hesitated, "there are some presences one can feel anywhere. I'm sure I could pick you from a miscellaneous gathering, even if there were hundreds."

He had taken her hand in his and was looking straight into her face as though his slightest eyes might be reading her very soul, and she did not want him to see what was written there—there in her soul. She could not bear to have him know that she had grown to care, but that, in spite of it, still wanted her career—that she

did not feel she could have it and be a blind man's partner—not the kind of partner she meant to be to the man she married. She had guessed what he was trying to tell her—knew with a woman's intuition that a proposal was hovering precariously on his lips, and she wondered a little that he dared ask this thing of her. Helplessly she cast about for some way of stopping him—some way perhaps, if he did not think of her side of things, of making him feel he might not want to care.

"You must not talk to me this way!" she said with a catch in her voice. "I've deceived you terribly—I'm—I'm old—old enough to be your—your grandmother! Now I suppose our friendship must end."

The man took her outstretched hand in his without allowing her to rise, and with his other removed the unsightly dark glasses from a pair of brown eyes dancing with fun.

"My dear, no grandmother ever sang as you sang to me last night. You're just old enough to be my wife, and I want you Elise—that is, if you can ever forgive me for deceiving you."

"Are—aren't you blind at all, Mr. Baldwin?"

"I'm Gregory, dear, and I'm not blind unless there is something before my vision beside the dearest girl in the world."

"That night—when you gave me your hand in the concert hall," she questioned in half frightened tones.

"I'll have to ask forgiveness for that, too. It was just a boyish spirit of devilry which prompted me to do it when I saw your upturned palm, and then, when I found you thought I was blind, I just didn't know how to extricate myself—that's all."

"You seem to have forgotten that I'm planning a career—I'm going to be a great singer some day."

"My dear, it's an exploded theory that a woman cannot establish a career if she makes the mistake of marrying first. There can be for every woman two worlds: one, the world of her cares, the other the world of her heart, and the latter only fits her more splendidly for the duties of the former. Now won't you say yes?"

"Well—" she hesitated, "perhaps I'll think about it, if you promise to throw these horrid glasses so far I'll never see them again."

## WILD CREATURES DREAD FIRE

Impossible to Eradicate Fear of the Red Flame From Denizens of the Wild.

Man is the only animal who has made friends with the fire, writes Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

All other creatures, in their natural state, are afraid of it. They look upon it with wonder and dismay. It fascinates them, sometimes, with its glittering eyes in the night. The squirrels and the hares come pattering softly toward it through the underbrush around the new camp. The deer stand staring into the "blaze of the jack" while the hunter's canoe creeps through the lily-pads.

But the charm that masters them is one of dread, not of love. When they know what it means, when the heat of the fire touches them, or even when its small comes clearly to their most delicate senses, they recognize it as an enemy. Let but a trail of smoke drift down the wind across the forest, and all the game for miles and miles will catch the signal for fear and flight.

Many of the animals have learned how to make houses for themselves.

The cabin of the beaver is a wonder of neatness and comfort, much preferable to the wigwam of his Indian hunter. The muskrat knows how thick and high to build the dome of his waterside cottage, in order to protect himself against the frost of the coming winter, and the floods of the following spring. The woodchuck's house has two or three doors; and a squirrel's dwelling is provided with a good bed and a convenient storehouse for nuts and acorns. The sportive otters have a toboggan slide in front of their residence; and moose in winter make a "yard," where they can take exercise comfortably and find shelter for sleep. But there is one thing lacking in all these various dwellings—a fire-place.

Man is the only creature who dares to light a fire and to live with it. The reason? Because he alone has learned how to put it out.

## Oaths of Other Days.

"By the mass" was a common oath in England before the Reformation. A collection of Elizabethan oaths could be made from Shakespeare's plays, and Mr. Wyld has collected Restoration and post-Restoration oaths. "Strike me speechless." "Burn me if I do." "Stab my vitals." "Split my wind-pipe." "Gads my life," "Gadzooks." "Marry come up," are some of them. "O, Jeminy," which occurs in Wycherley's "Country Wife;" "I'll lay my life," which occurs in Farquhar's "Beaux' Stratagem;" and "By the Lord Harry," which occurs in Congreve's "Old Bachelor," have all survived (says M. A. B.) to the present day.—London Tit-Bits.

## True Philosophy.

"You eat a small lunch." "Can't afford more." "Too bad." "Oh, well, it gives you a better appetite for dinner."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Home Seeking.

"I wonder if they take children in these apartments." "They must. Some of the rooms aren't big enough for a grown person."

## Roast chicken—nicely and evenly browned all over

THAT'S the way a New Perfection Oil Cook Stove does it with the New Perfection oven. And together they bake pies, cakes and cookies the same way—evenly.

Then too, it's so easy to get up a roasting or baking heat with a New Perfection, quickly. Turn the wick up full until the flame has white tips—they furnish the most heat. And the long blue chimney drives it into the oven—you don't make the whole kitchen unbearably hot.

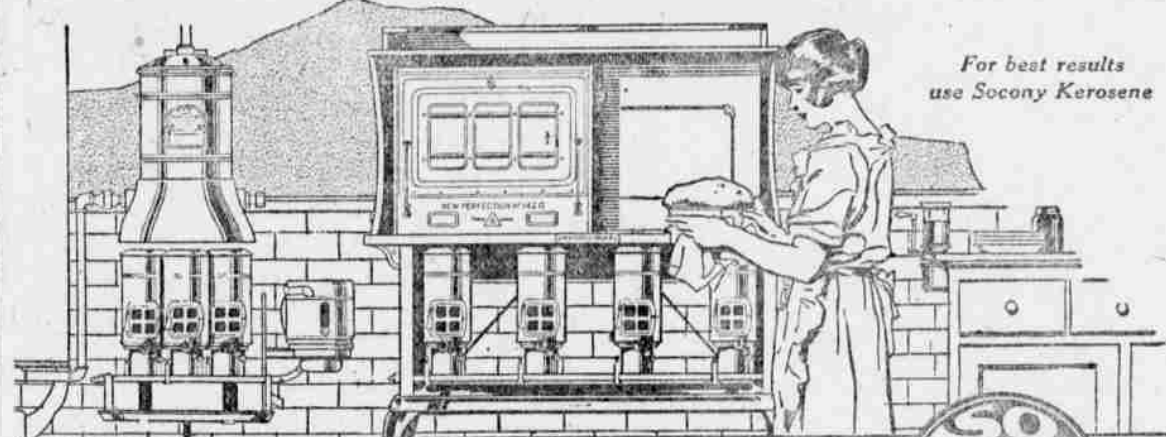
It's no bother to cook with a New Perfection. No wood or coal to bring in, no coal dust or litter to sweep up,

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The New Perfection Water Heater is another modern convenience for housekeepers. Supplies ample hot water for all household needs at a trifling cost. Strong and durable—will last many years.

The cook stoves are made in two, three and four-burner sizes, with or without warming cabinet; also in one-burner size with no cabinet. Ask your dealer to show you how simple they are to operate and take care of. Sold by leading hardware, department and general stores everywhere.



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Oil Cook Stoves and Water Heaters  
STANDARD OIL CO. OF NEW YORK

For best results use Socony Kerosene

## His Collection.

There is a curious game played by educators, which consists in sending questionnaires to some hundreds, or some thousands, of school children, and tabulating their replies for the enlightenment of the general public. The precise purpose of this game has never been defined; but its popularity impels us to envy the leisure that educators seem to enjoy. A few years ago 1,214 little Californians were asked if they made collections of any kind, and if so, what did they collect? The answers were such as might have been expected, with one exception. A small and innocently ironic boy wrote that he collected "bits of advice." His board was the only one that piqued curiosity.—Agnes Repplier, in Atlantic Monthly.

A household remedy in America for 25 years.—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. For cuts, sprains, burns, scalds, bruises. 30c and 40c. at all drug stores.—adv't.

## Egg Proved Effective Weapon.

She was tall and exceedingly thin and when she emerged from the exit of the building where she is employed in taking dictation she carried in her hand a bag of fresh eggs.

The product of the henery was no more fresh than are some members of the mashers' club that is wont to frequent that corner and as she passed one young man he ogled her and saluted her with "Hello Slim."

Turning square around in her tracks the girl took an egg from the sack and with an aim that would do credit to a baseball pitcher she patted him with it in the very middle of his back.

Then she went on her way unconcerned over the merriment resulting from the little episode.—Tulsa World.

## Imperishable Attributes.

Whatever that be within us that feels, thinks, desires and animates, is something celestial, divine, and, consequently, imperishable.—Aristotle.

## Irrigation in Africa.

The Kammassie irrigation scheme, South Africa, has been extended to include some 28,000 acres, at a total cost of \$4,050,000. The dam will irrigate what is claimed to be one of the richest alluvial areas in the Union, having a length of about forty miles.

## Light Literature.

The Angler—I've bought a fly book for each of us.

The Novice—Do you suppose we'll have time to read it?—Boston Transcript.

## Passionate Reading.

Mrs. Jaffrus—Reading is really a passion with my husband.

Mrs. Closewell—So it is with mine when he reads my dressmaker's bills.

Any skin itchings is a temper tester. The more you scratch the worse it itches. Doan's Ointment is for piles, eczema, any skin itching. 40c at all drug stores.—advertisement.

## Me-o-my, how you'll take to a pipe—and P. A.!

Before you're a day older you want to let the idea slip under your hat that this is the open season to start something with a joy's jimmy pipe—and some Prince Albert!

Because, a pipe packed with Prince Albert satisfies a man as he was never satisfied before—and keeps him satisfied! And, you can prove it! Why—P. A.'s flavor and fragrance and coolness and its freedom

from bite and parch (cut out by our exclusive patented process) are a revelation to the man who never could get acquainted with a pipe! P. A. has made a pipe a thing of joy to four men where one was smoked before!

Ever roll up a cigarette with Prince Albert? Man, man—but you've got a party coming your way! Talk about a cigarette smoke; we tell you it's a peach!



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